

A SHORT CHAT WITH THE FLORIDA COLONY

Items of Interest From Mountain
Home as Told by Experienced
Newspaper Man.

(By Willis B. Powell.)

Mountain Home, Aug. 23.—Seeing no country correspondence from this section of the country in your paper, I take it upon myself to give you a few subdued wads of thought about things that are and people who am.

Mountain Home is located five miles from Hendersonville and 15 miles from Asheville. It comprises of about 900 acres of bottom land, rolling land and mountain, and was formerly the plantation of a very distinguished Carolinian. It is about 100 years since the place was established and was in the early days the show place of this section as well as the center of all social affairs. White pine trees, a century old, form a shady circular bower to the entrance and exit on the Hendersonville-Asheville road, while about the old homestead are every evidence of taste and splendor of the environment of the social center of other days.

Throughout the plantation are many driveways and by-paths, and along these are growing every tree known to this zone, while the wealth of wild flowers, from mountain laurel to the universal goldenrod, abound on every side. Massive ferns grow abundantly, towering above big patches of water cress.

Among the trees are chestnut, hickory, walnut, fig, hazelnut and beechnut. It is a natural park of great beauty, aided slightly by man. From the plantation one can see Mount Pisgah, 40 miles away, and scores of lesser mountains. Mt. Couch, which seemingly starts from Mountain Home, is seven miles distant, and a good day's climb. It was here that a number of Florida gentlemen established a summer colony many years ago, and it is here that many from Hillsboro and Pinellas counties gather each summer and enjoy the delights of the bracing atmosphere, 2,250 feet above sea level, with two important cities close by to add spice to their vacations.

At present the cottagers are as follows:

Mountain Home Inn, managed by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Allison, of St. Petersburg. The house is comfortably filled with guests and the party is augmented each evening by the cottagers who assemble on the wide porches to just talk and talk. On Sunday evenings some one is chosen to speak. Last evening W. B. Powell recounted the story of his 6,000-mile automobile trip. On Thursday the ladies meet there in a sewing bee and the same evening there is a dance.

County Clerk Weickling, of St. Petersburg and Clearwater, who is president of the Mountain Home company, has a handsome home where he and his estimable family have every comfort. Weickling also has a farm. He has 20 acres cleared and it is planted to plums, apples, peaches, pears, grapes and figs. It is remarkable to see grape vines 10 feet long which were planted this spring, and no fertilizer was used, as no fertilizer could be had since the flood. The fruit trees have been out one year and they will bear next year. He walks up the mountain twice a day to inspect the place.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Norton, of St. Petersburg, are just finishing their 11-room colonial house. They ordered the furniture five weeks ago, but the first freight came through Saturday and they are just receiving the comforts of home. Mr. Norton has installed a steam-heating and an electric light plant on his property, has modern plumbing throughout the place, and a deep and cool cellar and laundry, and another house which is a combined garage and servants' quarters. He has invested close on to \$8,000 in his summer home and it looks like he is going to come early and stay late.

Other St. Petersburg people who have built pretty bungalows and are enjoying them this summer with their families are: A. N. Leland, Walter Johnson, Ed Durant, Dr. Childs, W. P. Williams, N. D. Weaver, Mrs. Elizabeth Ferdon, Mrs. Pepper, Mrs. Glenn Taylor, S. A. Stratton.

Those from Tampa who are cottagers are: Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Owen and family, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wing and family and Dr. and Mrs. Dean.

From Jacksonville is O. K. Robinson, Jr., and family.

At the Inn and Mrs. C. A. English and Miss Lillian English, Misses Florence and Gladys Le Baron and Master Le Baron, Mrs. J. E. Larson and Mrs. William Ballard, all of St. Petersburg. Guests of the Inn Saturday were Mrs. J. L. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Theo Curry and Misses Edna and Agnes Taylor of St. Petersburg, and the Roux party from Plant City.

Mrs. Jesse, of St. Petersburg, is teaching the school, which is held in the Ralph Veillard house.

There are others at Mountain Home but I have hurriedly taxed my memory to "think up" these. It is a happy colony.

I must add that the lure of the place was too much for me and I have purchased a lot, with a log cabin on it, and am now engaged in clearing the underbrush and next spring will build wings to the log cabin and have a mountain home.

In Hendersonville are located for the summer the Taylors and Ulmers, of Largo; Mrs. Horace Gordon and Miss Gordon, of Tampa; Charles Endicott, of St. Petersburg, and others. Mrs. Grant Aiken, of St. Petersburg, is teaching a summer school at Laurel Park. Dr. Ennis, of the same place, is also located in the natural park adjacent to Hendersonville.

At Asheville are Mrs. T. A. Chancellor and daughter, of St. Petersburg; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hobart, of St. Petersburg.

At Indian Cave Park are Mr. and

Mrs. Arthur Farrar Clarke, of Red Oak, Ia., known to all tourists of the Tampa section; the Gibbarts and Sumners, of St. Petersburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Len Haley, of Clearwater, drove through Mountain Home Saturday a week on their way to Canton and Clyde to be with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jeffords, of Clearwater. Lou says the roads in Georgia are all washed away and he had some frightful going until he struck the North Carolina line. He passed scores of cars abandoned in the mud. He was obliged to make wide detours to escape washed-away bridges. When he returns to Clearwater he and I will have a talk-fest on the muddy road proposition.

FEED YOUR CHICKENS SOUR MILK.

Sour milk should not be left out of the feed of growing or laying fowls, winter or summer if it can be secured at any reasonable cost. It is usually much cheaper and easier to get on the farm than beef scrap or any other substitute and no common substitute except buttermilk will give as good results.

Sour milk for egg production was given a very careful test at the Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station for a year recently, when three 25-bird pens of White Leghorn pullets were fed in almost exactly the same way except that one pen received sour milk, another beef scrap, and the third no meat or animal feed whatever. From the sour milk pen the station got 3,275 eggs at a profit of \$28.26; from the beef scrap pen, 2,668 at a profit of \$1.73; and from the no meat pen, 1,373 eggs at a profit of \$1 on the pen for the year.

On many farms the no-meat pen would not have been regarded as losing money, because the chickens live mainly on waste grain about the barn lot, but on these farms the profits would be so much greater of buttermilk or sour milk could be fed that a large possible profit is being lost if the chickens get only the grain and grass they can pick up. They may pick up insects enough to keep them from being on an absolutely no-meat ration, but a part of the farm business that can return an average of \$122 a farm on the thousands of Missouri farms should be systematically fed the right kind of food.

During the experiment only ordinary good poultry-feeding methods were followed. A little scratch feed was sprinkled in the straw litter deep enough to make the chickens take exercise in getting it. Water was given in clean vessels and a pan of sour milk kept in the sour milk pen. At noon, dry mash was measured into the trough and green feed was often given at the same time, especially during the winter. Two or three times a week the fowls were made to eat more of the mash by mixing the dry mash with some liquid to make a wet mash which was fed at the rate of a handful for every four birds.

At night, scratch feed was given again and the birds were given all they would eat to send them to roost with full crops. This method of feeding keeps the hens busy all day, gives them good appetites, and supplies all the feed they will use. They should eat about twice as much grain or scratch feed as mash.

These Missouri results with White Leghorns are exactly in harmony with those secured elsewhere with fowls of various breeds, except that in some other cases the milk-fed chickens have laid about four times as many eggs as those fed on no meat, instead of only two or three times as many as in the case of those at the Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station.—H. L. Kempster.

A KING.

Is the Independent Farmer Riding Home on the Observation Platform of a High Priced Cotton Wagon.

He rode on the observation platform of a cotton wagon.

His fleecy staple had just brought 12 cents a pound.

The money was down in his pocket. No man had an account against him for a dime.

The mules trotted along over the smooth pavement and now and then a big red apple jolted out of a heaping bucket and rolled back and forth across the wagon bed.

A neat bundle over in the corner contained a dress pattern—ten yards of blue checked ginghams for the faithful wife.

The little bag was full of candy for the baby.

He whistled as Pete and Beck turned their heads homeward.

It was near eventide. A few clouds had gathered over the west and the sun was cutting strange capers with these billows of the sky. There were islands of gold floating in a deep blue sea; there were mountains kissed with the colors of the rainbow. No painter could have made a prettier picture; no dreamer could have visited a scene more splendid in all the mysterious realm of slumberhood.

The occupant of the wagon enjoyed it.

The fresh evening breezes were as balm to his brow.

There was no enmity in his heart against anyone.

There was no political ambition that had gone unsatisfied.

There was no sorrow or ingratitude to sting and poison.

He was a plain countryman.

He loved his wife.

He loved his baby.

He was going home to them—a king wearing a royal crown of kindness—a king tender, thoughtful, affectionate, bearing simple gifts to his subjects.—Southern Woman's Magazine.

They are now meeting the Democratic prosperity record by declaring that it is being overdone and is really a menace to the country.

At the dinner given recently by Congressman McKinley to Mr. Hughes' campaign manager, the piece de resistance was fricasseed Bull Moose.

"A vote for Hughes is a vote for me."—T. R. For me. For what?

MAKE WESTERN N. C. NATION'S PLAYGROUND

"Land of the Sky" Finest Scenic Asset
of the Entire United States.
Says the Observer.

The storm wreckage in the western section of the State has served to draw the attention of the nation to the neglected opportunities in the mountains of North Carolina. The tourists of the United States have begun to realize that through all these years they have been traveling to Europe and to the West, turning their backs upon the finest scenic asset of the country—The Land of the Sky. It is an undeveloped country and in that very act lies its greatness. It cannot much longer remain unknown and when, by the medium of a system of good roads, it is opened to the country it is going to be built up in hotels and homes and resort villages that will rival all that is best-famed in our own country, in Europe or anywhere else in the world. The building of county roads and of government park roads will mark the first step in the development of this mountain section, but the first step only. It will remain for the State to elaborate and complete this work. These mountains offer the opportunity for the construction of a road that would overshadow the glories of the famous Appian Way. Some day this road is going to be built. It will disregard county lines and will not be influenced by political pull. It will be a broad highway of permanent construction and it will wind over and around the mountains, skirting the gorges and waterfalls and taking advantage of all the better scenic opportunities. Following the construction of this highway there would spring up along every mile of its course the variety of villas and hotels that have made Europe famous and the coming into existence of these resorts will populate the State winter and summer with tourists not alone from the States, but from all parts of the world. Western North Carolina would become the Nation's playground. That, in fact, is what the Creator designed these noble mountains and lovely valleys for. The park sections are not suitable for agriculture. This is conducted mainly in the valleys and the recent flood demonstrated that this is an unsafe occupation. The opening of these great playgrounds depends on the building of roads that will make their every part accessible and as we have said, the final development is an enterprise that will devolve upon the State itself.

The first question that naturally presents itself in connection with the building of this modern Appian Way is as to where the State would "find" the money. And also naturally, the first suggestion would be an issue of bonds. But bonds need not enter into the calculations at all. The State has resources of its own that if applied to the permanent development of its vast mountain asset would be ample to accomplish the work on the scale of magnificence that is demanded. The State owns two-thirds of the stock of the North Carolina Railroad Company, representing an original value of \$3,000,000 and this it could sell to day for \$6,000,000, or two for one. It owns 12,666 shares of stock in the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad Company for which it could get \$1,000,000. This money applied to the development of western North Carolina would be sufficient to build the permanent scenic highway and establish an investment that would in the course of a few years bring far greater returns than the income the State is now receiving or could ever hope to receive from the stock. Of course instant objection would be raised to the sale of the State's stock at this time at any price, but the day is coming when the people will be giving serious consideration to a proposition along this very line, or one quite similar to it. While the man who might get up in the next legislature and advocate such a proposition would be regarded by many of our people as a fool, the next generation would quite likely hold him in estimation as an inspired prophet, a man of wisdom, but one a few years in advance of the time.—Charlotte.

The Best Laxative.

To keep the bowels regular the best laxative is outdoor exercise. Drink a full glass of water half an hour before breakfast and eat an abundance of fruit and vegetables, also establish a regular habit and be sure that your bowels move once each day. When a medicine is needed take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are pleasant to take and mild and gentle in effect. Obtainable everywhere. adv.-Aug.

FIVE GOOD REASONS FOR SUPPORTING WILSON.

- (By Ray Stannard Baker.)
1. I am for Wilson because I trust him.
 2. I am for Wilson because he is a genuine progressive.
 3. I am for Wilson because he has the new democratic and co-operative view of international relationships.
 4. I am for Wilson because he has been tested and tried in the fire of the greatest events.
 5. I am for Wilson because I believe him to possess the clearest understanding of the true American spirit of any man now in public life.

Liver Trouble.

"I am bothered with liver trouble about twice a year," writes Joe Dingman, Webster City, Iowa. "I have pains in my side and back and awful soreness in my stomach. I heard of Chamberlain's Tablets and tried them. By the time I had used half a bottle of them I was feeling fine and had no signs of pain." Obtainable everywhere. adv.-Aug.

Mr. Hughes is giving signs that the demand upon his resources in the matter of evolving a tangible opposition to Mr. Wilson's administration is entirely too great.

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Left-Handed Compliment.
George was always trying to say something to please his teacher. The teacher played the clarinet in a little orchestra in the village and George heard the orchestra play. The next morning at school he came smiling up to the teacher with a compliment on his playing. "I thought you made the most noise."

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